

Behind St. Peter's

Daùr San Pieri

Words & music by Marco Maiero

Larghetto

p

On the hills, be - hind Saint Pe - ter's South - east wind, Ju - ly with

On the hills, be - hind Saint Pe - ter's South - east wind, Ju - ly with

On the hills, be - hind Saint Pe - ter's South - east wind, Ju - ly with

5

smell of hay, all the dreams that chase each o - ther all the dreams that call forth

smell of hay, all the dreams that chase each o - ther all the dreams that call forth

smell of hay, all the dreams that chase each o - ther all the dreams that call forth

all the dreams that chase each o - ther all the dreams that call forth

9

mf

good. 1.And day breaks and glows with com - fort, ha - ving cracked the dark of
2.In your heart it's time for kis - sing, time for love, re - vealed to

good. 1.And day breaks and glows with com - fort, ha - ving cracked the dark of
2.In your heart it's time for kis - sing, time for love, re - vealed to

good. 1.And day breaks and glows with com - fort, ha - ving cracked the dark of
2.In your heart it's time for kis - sing, time for love, re - vealed to

13

days, none, dark that dis - ap - peared when Au - gust jea - lou - sy from us the cric - kets sad - ly sing us light of Pa - ra - signs that Au - tumn's

days, none, dark that dis - ap - peared when Au - gust jea - lou - sy from us the cric - kets sad - ly sing us light of Pa - ra - signs that Au - tumn's

days, none, dark that dis - ap - peared when Au - gust jea - lou - sy from us the cric - kets sad - ly sing us light of Pa - ra - signs that Au - tumn's

days, none, dark that dis - ap - peared when Au - gust jea - lou - sy from us the cric - kets sad - ly sing us light of Pa - ra - signs that Au - tumn's

17

dise; here; and in your day jea - lou - sy from us the cric - kets sad - ly sing us light of Pa - ra - signs that Au - tumn's dise. here.

dise; here; and in your day jea - lou - sy from us the cric - kets sad - ly sing us light of Pa - ra - signs that Au - tumn's dise. here.

dise; here; and in your day jea - lou - sy from us the cric - kets sad - ly sing us light of Pa - ra - signs that Au - tumn's dise. here.

dise; here; and in your day jea - lou - sy from us the cric - kets sad - ly sing us light of Pa - ra - signs that Au - tumn's dise. here.

D.C. tutto,
2^a strofa
e poi Finale

21 *Finale*

On the hills, be - hind Saint Pe - ter's all the dreams that call forth

On the hills, be - hind Saint Pe - ter's all the dreams that call forth

On the hills, be - hind Saint Pe - ter's all the dreams that call forth

On the hills, be - hind Saint Pe - ter's all the dreams that call forth

25

good. All the dreams that call forth good. good. good. good. good.

good. All the dreams that call forth good. good. good. good. good.

good. All the dreams that call forth good. good. good. good. good.

— All the dreams that call forth good.

On the hills, behind St.Peter's
 South-east wind, Ju-ly with smell of hay,
 All the dreams that chase each other
 All the dreams that call forth good.

And day breaks and glows with comfort,
 Having cracked the dark of days,
 Dark that hides as if for jealousy from us
 The light of Paradise.

In your heart it's time for kissing,
 Time for love, revealed to none,
 disappeared when August crickets sadly sing us signs
 that Autumn's here.

Original language (Friulan)

Sore i roncs, daûr San Pieri,
 cul sciroc o in Luj ch'al sa di fen,
 ducj i siums si cirin simpri,
 ducj i siums a clamin ben.

E a consolin lis albadis
 che an cricât il scûr dai dîs
 che gjelôs al ten platât, di simpri,
 il lusôr dal Paradîs.

E tal cûr timp di bussadis,
 timp di un fûc mai dite a d'un,
 distudât cui avostans, mai légris,
 in te scune di un autun.

Italian translation

*Sulle colline, dietro San Pietro,
 con lo scirocco
 o in Luglio profumato di fieno,
 tutti i sogni si cercano sempre,
 tutti i sogni portano il bene.*

*E consolano i fugaci chiarori
 che hanno incrinato il buio dei giorni
 che geloso nasconde, da sempre,
 la luce del Paradiso.*

*E nel cuore il tempo di baci,
 il tempo di un amore mai svelato a nessuno,
 che si è spento assieme al canto
 degli ormai tristi grilli agostani
 nella culla di un autunno.*

Beyond St.Peter's little church, in Tricesimo, there are some hills, still in their remote silence. And once more thoughts search for hopes in the answers to impossible questions. There comes again the emotion of the first secret love and peaceful dreams grow stronger.